

HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

HERGE



LITTLE, BROWN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN



At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...

Haddock, a retired ship's captain, and Tintin, the reporter? Oh, yes, Interpol warned me they'd be coming. Send them in.



As I understand it, this is the situation: your friend Professor Calculus has been kidnapped, and you have good reason to believe he's aboard the cargo ship "Pachacamac" due to arrive in Callao any day now. Am I right?

Absolutely.



Well, gentlemen, as soon as the "Pachacamac" comes into port we will search the ship. If your friend really is aboard, then he will be restored to you immediately. Now, we can only...



Look down there; an Indian running away!... Someone was spying on us!



Surely you're mistaken...

No, no, I saw him quite clearly: an Indian, peering through the railings. He disappeared behind those bushes.



Bah! What does it matter? There was nothing confidential in what we said.



Why not forget the whole incident... and allow me to offer you a glass of pisco! It's our national drink. Come, here's to the safe return of your friend Calculus.



A few minutes later...



Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cutibert again!... This is the happiest day of my life!... Hurrah forisco! It's all right!... Everything's going to be all right!



Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cutibert again. Things are looking up!

Yes, things are looking up... But you know, it doesn't alter the fact that we're being watched.



Pooh, that doesn't matter! Enjoy yourself. Look around you: the Indians, the clothes, the colours, the llamas.



Kilikilikili!... There's a nice little llama...



Hoity toity! Aren't we grand!

You be careful, señor...

Be careful? ... Why?... I'm not going to eat your precious llama, am I?...



You're a nice little llama, aren't you?... You don't mind old Captain Haddock, do you?



When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

And what manners!



Ungrateful brute! Animals like that shouldn't be allowed!





Blistering barnacles!
The "Pachacamac" is run-
ning up the yellow flag and
a yellow and blue pennant:
infectious disease on board!



Goodness gracious! And
we've got to go on board to
search the ship.

It's out of the ques-
tion till the port
health authorities
have cleared her
...



There goes the doctor's
launch now, heading
for the "Pachacamac"
...



Well... we can only wait until
they've finished.



I say, Captain, just what is that
stuff, guano?

Guano?... Er... How
shall I put it?...



Guano?... Well, there's
a free sample!



So you think that's
funny, eh?... A brand
new hat?... Ha ha; very
amusing.



Captain... The
"Pachacamac" is
hoisting more flags!





Billions of blue bubonic barnacles! She'll be quarantined!



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

Putting a ship in quarantine, you landlubber, means keeping her in isolation for some time, to avoid risk of infection.



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

Two cases of yellow fever on board. I've ordered three weeks' quarantine.



You heard?... I'm terribly sorry about that... You'll just have to be patient.

You... obviously. Tell me, isn't that doctor an Indian?



A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



A little later...

Thundering typhoons! Three weeks... Three weeks without knowing whether Calculus is even aboard that blistering bathtub!



There's no question of waiting three weeks... We're going to find out tonight!

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight! I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

Tonight?... You?... What about the yellow fever, stupid?... Have you forgotten?



Captain, I'll bet anything you like that every man aboard the "Pachacamac" is as fit as you and me.



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

The doctor is an Indian, Captain... a Quichua Indian... Doesn't that mean anything to you?...



Night has fallen...







Thundering typhoons!... Those guano-gatherers are murdering Tintin!



Iconoclasts!... Pirates!... Just a few more strokes...



... and someone's going to get it in the neck!



Woah! Woah! Blistering barnacles!



Woah! Woah! And you shut up, you sea-lion, you!



Quick, climb aboard... Not hurt, are you?

No, not a scratch... But let's get out of here, fast!



Calculus is on board, Captain, I saw him. They're going to put him to death. They say he committed sacrilege by wearing an Inca bracelet.



Back to the shore! We must get reinforcements!



No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.



All quiet. But after what's happened they're bound to make a move... Yes, they're launching a boat. I hope the Captain gets help quickly...



A 'phone box, at last!



Thundering typhoons, I know that! If he wasn't asleep you wouldn't have to wake him up!... Tell him it's very, very urgent!



You're breaking my heart!... Look, it may be urgent, but nobody wakes the senior Chief Inspector at four a.m.!

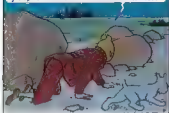


But you must wake him, I tell you, it's... Hello... Hello... Hello... The blistering blundering bird-brain, he's hung up!



Meanwhile ..

The boat's getting nearer... Come on, Snowy, but don't show yourself. We're going to take a closer look at them...



I've got an idea - I'll ring up the Thompsons... Four, two, eight... That's it ...

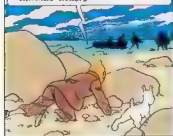


That sounds like the telephone.

To be precise: the telephone.



Great snakes... They're carrying Calculus ashore!



RRRRING

Are you going to answer it?

Me? .. Certainly not ... how can I? I'm asleep!



Taking their time, the baboons!



RRRRING

You can't be asleep, you're talking to me!

You know very well that I talk in my sleep!



Blue blistering barnacles! I can't stand here all night!



Very well, I'll go. But next time, it's your turn!



Hello? ... Hello Thomson? .. And about time too! .. This is Captain Haddock ..



What? ... Who? .. Oh, yes, Captain Haddock ... I .. What? .. Calculus? .. Where? .. Yes. Right ... We !! come at once ..



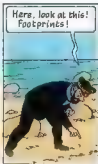
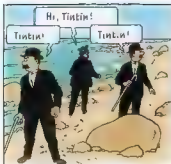
Half an hour later ..

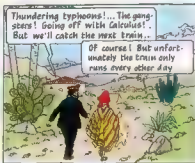
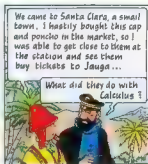
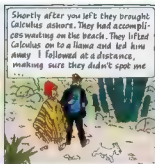
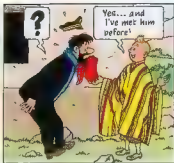
Nearly two hours since I left him... I hope he's all right



There's our boat .. I left Tintin here... But where is he?







Lucky we arrived in good time - the train's going to be crammed!



No, no - it is impossible... You ask too much... I cannot.

It is his order - and you know what happens to those who disobey!



Half an hour later...



We're off!.. How odd, all that crowd of passengers, but not a soul has got into our compartment.



Have a good trip, señores!



The train steams on for several hours.



Excuse me, I'll be back in a minute.



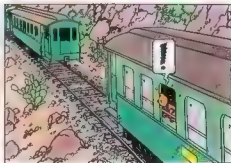
It's a funny thing.. D'you know, we're absolutely alone in this carriage!

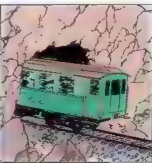
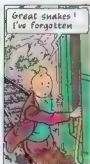


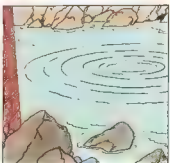
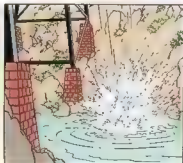
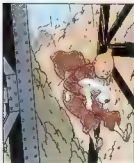
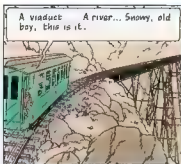
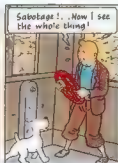
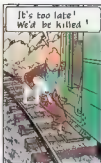
Strange... I say, while you were away I was looking at this beautiful guide. Imagine, on this line the train creeps to 5865 feet over a distance of 108 miles... the highest railway in the world.

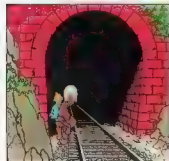
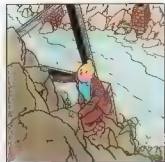
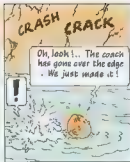
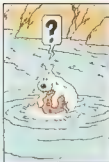
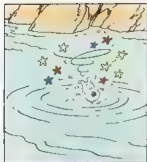


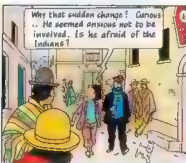
Hello, we're slowing down... I expect we're coming to a station.

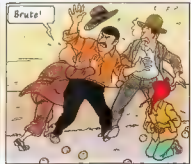
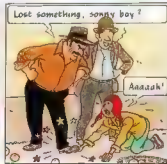


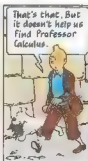


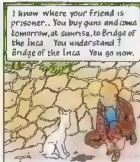














Why, it's the little orange-seller... the one I told you about.



So it was you

Yes, I talk to you yesterday, from behind wall... If Indians see me speak to you, they kill me at once... You come now...



You wait for me on other side of bridge... I come back quick



Where's he off to?

I don't know, He told us to wait



Thundering typhoons! Llamas!

To carry supplies señores... journey very long!



This is too much! ...If you think I'm traveling around with this pair of perambulating fire-pumps, you're very much mistaken!

Llamas very gentle, señor. You not be afraid



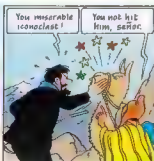
Afraid? - Me? - Afraid of these moth-eaten imitation camels? ... I've only got to look them straight in the eye and they'll be eating out of my hand!



Like that there!



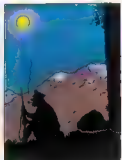
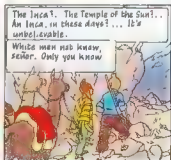
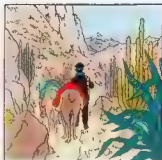
YEEEEOW!

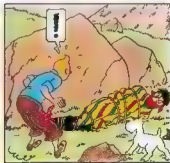
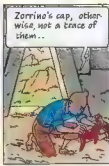
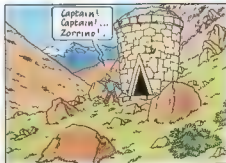


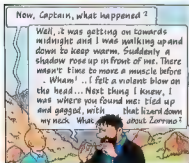
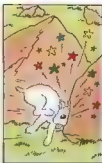
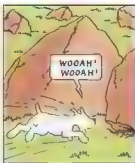
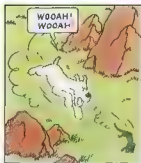
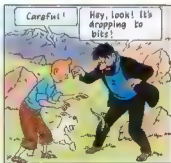
You miserable iconoclast!

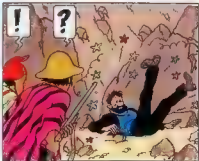
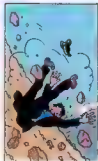
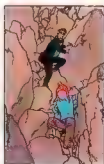
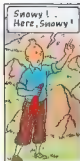
You not hit him, señor.



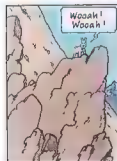
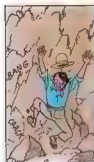


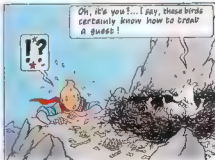
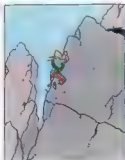
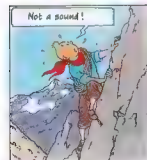
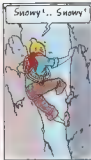
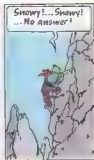
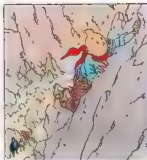














Wow! What a relief!
He's safe... For the
moment at least. Now
he's got to come down



Why couldn't you have
answered, eh?... You're
incorrigible! ... Now,
sit still!



This is it ... down we go,
gently now



Dooh! I feel so
giddy. Why
d' d I, ooh?



Thundering typhoons!
Look, Zorrino! There!
.. Another condor!
Quick, my rifle!



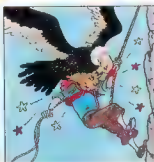
BANG



!!!



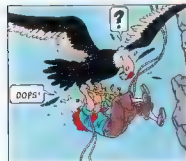
Mixed, by thunder!
... And I can't fire
again now: the
condor has got
him!



Oh, Tintin! Tintin!
.. He'll be forced
to let go!



It's all or nothing ..
I've no choice.



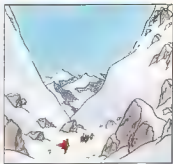
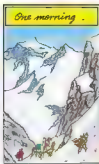
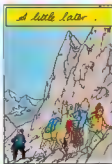
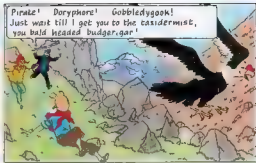
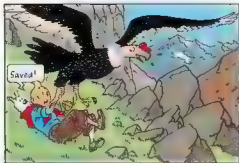
DOPS!

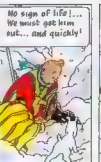
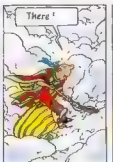
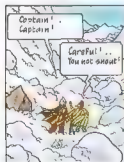
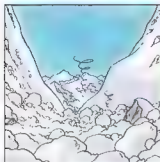
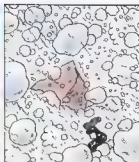
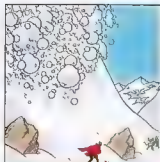


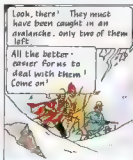
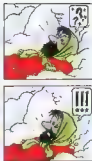
Blistering barnacles,
what's going on?...
He's hanging on to the
condor's legs! .. By
thunder, what next?

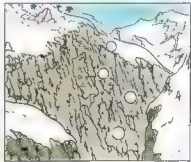
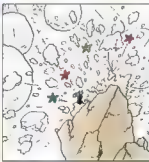
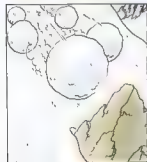
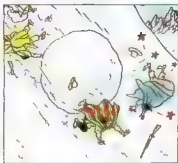
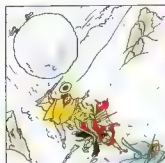
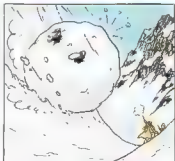


Golly, a
helicopter!

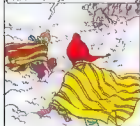








You know, Zorrino, the Captain's guardian angel has a full-time job!



Nothing broken, Captain! That's lucky.. Well, I reckon we've seen the last of those ruffians... Now, let's get back to the path ..

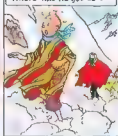
Yes yes



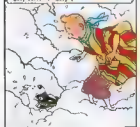
I say, where's Snowy?.. I don't remember seeing him around for quite a while .. Snowy! - Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!! .. where has he got to?



Good old Snowy! You've managed to dig out the Captain's cap.



We've found your cap; that's fine. But I'm afraid we've lost the flames, and that means no more food, and no more ammunition ..

No more ammunition?



You needn't worry about that. Look: two boxes of cartridges here in my pocket

What a bit of luck! If needs be we can shoot for the pot .. And take care of that newspaper: we might need it to light a fire



Many hours later ..



You see, down there Tomorrow we come into thick jungle.



Is the Temple of the Sun in the Forest?

No, señor, temple still far away We go through jungle. Then more mountains



Blistering barnacles! Is there no end to it? I've had about enough of this little jaunt, I can tell you!



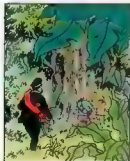
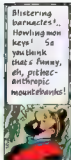
Stop! .. Look, there's a cave!... Why don't we spend the night here?

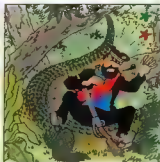
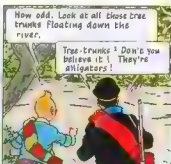


Perhaps, but ..

Don't worry. I'll look it over first.







It's all right... It was only Zorrino breaking a dead branch.

You come, señores. I find canoe

see

Watch out, shipmates, this is going to be hot! Here they come! They've spotted us!

see



Loathsome brutes! Let me polish them off!

No, no! It's a waste of ammunition

This beastly steaming jungle! Will it never end?

Tomorrow we leave forest, senior Captain

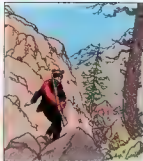
The following morning

We camp here tonight up there, in mountains, is Temple of the Sun

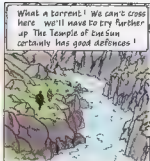
Next morning ..

Off we go! I say where did you find that rope?

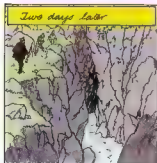
For certain we need ropes ..
I make them from jungle creepers.



What a torrent! We can't cross here - we'll have to try farther up. The Temple of the Sun certainly has good defences!



Two days later



There's nothing for it, Captain this is the only place. You see that spike of rock over there... We must try to lasso it with a rope



Right!

Here goes!



OK I've fastened this end to a tree... Now, who's first?



Moorny got it!

Zorrino, with señor Tintin's gun to test rope!



He's got guts, that boy!

Be careful, Zorrino!



Is O.K.!

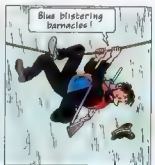
Fine... my turn next.

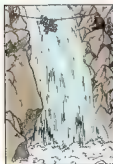


Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



Blue blistering barnacles!







Tintin!
Tintin!



He's gone... I can't see him.
But it's impossible...
He's an excellent swimmer.
He'll come to the surface.



Not a sign... It's all over.
He's drowned... It's too
dreadful! I can't believe
it.



Drowned?... Drowned?... Señor
Tintin not dead,
is he, Captain?
Alas,
Zorrino!



My poor Zorrino, Tintin has gone.
We shall never see him again.



Cooes!



That voice... It can't be... I must
be dreaming.
No, no! Is
señor Tintin

Captain
Zorrino!



Tintin!...Tintin!...Is it really
you?... Where are you?

Woosh!
Woosh!

Here, behind
the waterfall!



Behind the waterfall?... How can you
be behind the waterfall?

Come down
You'll see!



Climb down
Lower



Come closer! Now, watch the
foot of the waterfall. I'm going to
throw a stone to show where I am.



There!



You saw it?... Good!... Now, go up
and get the rope. Tie a big
stone on the end, and throw it
to me. I think I've made a
very interesting discovery!

Right!



That's tight enough..
I'll sling it to you



Splendid!



Secure the end of the rope to a rock.
I'll do the same at this end.

O.K



All Fast here!



Fine! Now, come on
and join me here.



W-w-what?...We join you?...Don't
you mean the other way round?

No, no! Hang on tight
to the rope and
plunge through the
waterfall.. You'll
see, it's only a
thin curtain of
water.



But . but .. you're quite sure...

Yes, yes!
Come on!



Davy Jones, here I come!



You see.

!



Blistering barnacles!
Where are we?

Wait while I
call Zorrino..



It's incredible! Extraordinary!
Amazing Fantastic!

Your turn,
Zorrino!



There you
are!

!

All together again, Zorrino!

Tintin! Oh, Tintin!
... Zorrino was so
afraid You not hurt?

No, not a scratch... I fell into the
water and was sucked under... Then
I don't know what happened... I
was whirled around, and when I
came to the surface I found myself
in here

It seems incredible, but I think I've stum-
bled on an entrance to the Temple of the
Sun so ancient that even the Incas
themselves have probably forgotten all
about it Anyway we'll soon see

Blistering barnacles! It'll be as dark
as the belly of a whale in there!

I thought so too. But I had a
look. The rock is covered with
some sort of phosphorescence
which gives a little light
Shall we go?

No noise, now!... Careful!
... I've got a hunch we're
nearly at the end of our
journey

Calculus, here we come!

Where's this leading
us?

If we keep going we'll
soon see

Now we're in trouble... The passage is
blocked... There's no way of getting
through

The roof-fall was probably
caused by an earthquake
they're pretty frequent in South
America... Anyway, we're sunk
now unless

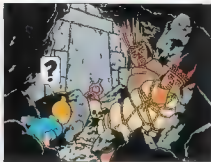
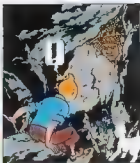
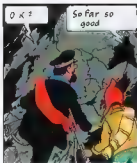
Woah!
Woah!

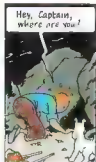
I've found
the emer-
gency exit!

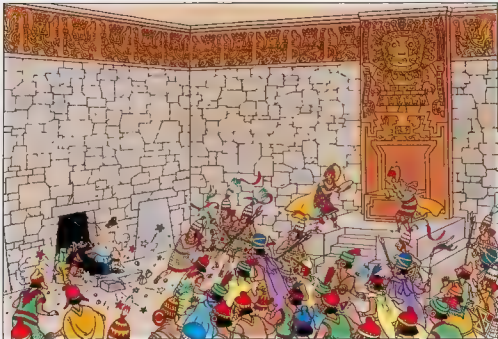
Snowy seems to be on to
something... It looks as
though there's a way
through there. Hold these,
Zorrino, I'm going to try

Any good?

I hope so







Sacrilege! .. Seize them!



Stand back, anachronisms! .. Keep off, you imitation Incas, you!



Tramps! .. Zapotecs! Pockmarks!
Pithecanthropuses! .. Bashi-
bazouks! ... Let me go, you savages!



Good! Now, hold them prisoner until we bring them before the Inca!





Sea-gnariks! Ectoplazms! Poltroons!.. Politicians!.. Dory-phores!.. Terrorists!

Don't cry, Zorrino... We'll get out of this... you'll see



Get out? Easier said than done... Poor Zorrino!



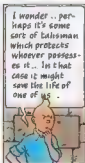
Hello, what's this at the bottom of my pocket?



Ah, yes, the little coin that Indian gave me in Janga... I'd forgotten all about it



"You still go, then take this... Very good, help you in danger!"



I wonder... perhaps it's some sort of talisman which protects whoever possesses it... In that case it might save the life of one of us



Look, Zorrino, here's some thing for you... Take good care of it... it might be very useful.



You come... The Inca waits.

Oho! He waits, does he?.. Well, I've got a thing or two to say to his orderip!



Keep calm, Captain! Keep calm, I implore you..



Great snakes! The Inca!



Look at that Indian on the left... It's Chingito, General Alcazar's major-hall partner... The man I saw on the Pachacamac



Strangers, it is our command that you reveal by what trickery you have entered the Temple of the Sun



I... er... Noble Prince of the Sun, we found the entrance quite by chance, when I was swept into a waterfall.



Be that as it may, our laws decree but one penalty. Those who violate the sacred temple where we preserve the ancient rites of the Sun God shall be put to death!

Be put to death! ... D'you really think we'll let ourselves be massacred, just like that, you cin-hatted tyrant?!

Captain, please! Keep quiet!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I crave your indulgence. Let me tell you our story. We have never sought to commit sacrilege. We were simply looking for our Friend, Professor Calculus.



Your friend dared to wear the sacred bracelet of Rascar Capac. Your friend will likewise be put to death!



Blistering barnacles, you've no right to kill him! No more than you have a right to kill us, thundering typhoons! It's murder, pure and simple!



But it is not we who will put you to death. It is the Sun himself, for his rays will set alight the pyre for which you are destined.



As for this young Indian who guided these strangers and thus betrayed his race, he will suffer the penalty reserved for traitors! ... He will be sacrificed immediately on the altar of the Sun God!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! The first one who touches a hair of that boy's head is a dead duck!



Great snakes! I just remembered! Your medal, Zorrino! ... Show them!



Where did you steal that, little viper?



I not steal, noble Prince of the Sun, I not steal! ... He give me this medal! ... I not steal!



And you, foreign dog, where did you get it? Like others of your kind, you robbed the tombs of our ancestors, no doubt!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I beg leave to speak...



It is I, noble Prince of the Sun, who gave the sacred token to this young stranger



You, Huascar?.. A high priest of the Sun God, you committed sacrilege and gave this talisman to an enemy of our race?



He is not an enemy of our race, noble Prince of the Sun... with my own eyes I saw him go alone to the defence of this boy, when the child was being ill-treated by two of those vile foreigners whom we hate. For that reason, knowing that he would face other great dangers, I gave him the token Did I do wrong, illustrious Prince?



No, Huascar, you did nobly. But your action will save only this young Indian, for his life is protected by the talisman



It will not save the young stranger; by his generosity he forfeited his only safeguard Our laws are explicit: he will be put to death with his companion



Nevertheless, I will grant them one favour..

I know it his bark's worse than his bite!



It is this: Within the next thirty days, they must die. But they may choose the day and the hour when the rays of the sacred Sun will light their pyre



.. They must give their answer tomorrow. As for this young Indian, he will be separated from his companions and his life will be spared. But he will stay within our temple until he dies, lest our secrets be divulged.



now, let the strangers be taken away and kept in close confinement until tomorrow. The Prince of the Sun has spoken!



Well, we're in up to our necks, this time!

I know. But I'm glad Zorrino's safe, anyway



Bunch of savages!.. What I need is a pipe to calm my nerves... Where is it?.. Ah, got it.. Hello, what's this?



Oh yes, I remember the newspaper we saved to light a fire.



Well, we shan't be needing that now.. There'll be a fire all right..

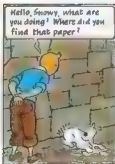


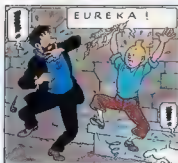
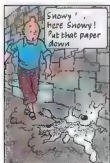
But, thundering typhoons we shan't be lighting it!

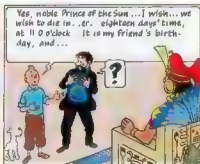


How do we get out of here?









Now, will you kindly explain what this is all about?

Not yet, Captain, not yet.
But you can be sure of one thing: there's nothing to worry about!



Nothing to worry about! . Not a sausage!.. We're only going to be roasted alive in eighteen days' time; apart from that, there's nothing to worry about! . To be precise, as Thompson and Thomsen would say, nothing at all!



Time goes by...

Only seven more days... Thundering typhoons, we're in a real jam!



Next morning

How can we get out? Who can help us? .. Zorrino, perhaps.



The next day ...



It's a fine time for gymnastics! Blistering barnacles, here we are with five days to live, and you do morning exercises!



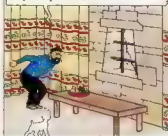
Why not, Captain? One must keep fit



Keep fit! Keep fit! .. Thundering typhoons! I don't need exercises to keep me fit!... I'll show you just how fit I am: at my age, too!



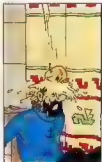
Watch this... a standing jump, feet together, clean over the table.



HUP!



So you think that's funny, eh?



Only four days left

No one's going to say that I allowed myself to be roasted like a turkey on a spit!... We must do something!

You know quite well that's impossible



Only three days

What can we do, thundering typhoons!?

Round and round, he's making me giddy!



Only two days to go ...

How can you lie there just lounging around! Billions of blistering barnacles! We must do something!

Trust me, Captain. In two days' time we'll be free.



One day left...

It's all over! - Nothing to hope for! I never knew things could look so black!



At that moment

According to the pendulum they're very low



Next morning ..

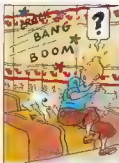
Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time!



"The Swiss expedition is on its way to the Western Cordillera in the Andes. It will... The rest is barnacles!"



Blistering barnacles! If it weren't for these confounded bars I'd soon be out of here!



We're free! ... Tintin, we're free! ... Come on quickly, hurry! ... Out!

Don't do it, Captain! You'll break your neck!

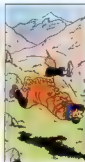


Aha! We are just in time!

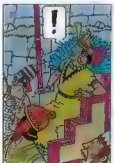
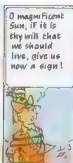


Thundering typhoons! Too late!









What superb acting! They look genuinely terrified... And what an idea to wait for a real eclipse! Brilliant!



An eclipse! ... An eclipse!! ... An eclipse!!! ..

Don't be afraid that's all Captain

Wow-ow woa-ow!



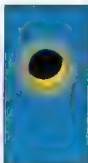
Mercy, O stranger, I implore you!.. Make the Sun show his light again, and I will grant you whatever desire!

So be it, noble Inca I accept your word. Have no Fear: I will entreat the Sun to reappear

O Sun, lord of the day, show mercy, I pray thee. Pity thy children and show thy light once more!

Wow-ow oowow

Wow-ow wow!



By Pachacamac! The Sun opens him! ...Quickly! Set them free!

You see now, Captain? The newspaper!

It's... it's miraculous!

Supreme lord of the day, we thank thee for thy mercy!



"I've got the sun in the morning"

A little more dignity, Captain as befits those who command the sun!



Meanwhile

Still nothing, yet the pendulum shows they are getting bumped about!



Next day...

I keep my word, noble strangers: you are free... My men will escort you to the foot of the mountains.

Thank you, noble Prince, but I have one further request...



In my country there are seven learned men who are still, I imagine, enduring terrible torture because of you. By some means you have them in your power. I beg you to end their suffering.



These men came here like hyenas, violating our tombs and plundering our sacred treasures. They deserve the punishment I have meted out.



No, they did not come to plunder, noble Prince of the Sun. Their sole purpose was to make known to the world your ancient customs and the splendours of your civilisation.



So be it. I think you speak truth... It shall be done. Follow me, noble strangers, and in your presence I will put an end to their torment.



Each of these images represents one of the men for whom you plead. Here in this chamber, by our hidden powers, we have tortured them. It is here that we will release them from their punishment.



Witchcraft! ... I can't believe it! ... But the crystal balls: what were they for?

The crystal balls contained a mystic liquid, obtained from coca, which plunged the victims into a deep sleep. The High Priest cast his spell over them... and could use them as he willed.



Now I see it all! ... That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies.

Destroy the images, Huaco!



At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?



What's happened? ... How did I get into hospital?



Where are we, Carling?

That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.



You here, Reedback?

Clarkson! ... What in the world ...

How did I get here?



Next morning ...

So you've chosen to stay here, Zorrino ... We must say goodbye, then. Perhaps one day we shall meet again ...

Adios, amigos
Tintin!

Before you leave us, noble strangers,
I too have a favour to ask of you.

I know, noble Prince of
the Sun, and you need
have no fears about
that ...

I swear that I will never reveal to
anyone the whereabouts of the
Temple of the Sun!

Me too, old salt, I swear too!
... May my rum be rationed
and my beard be barbecued if I
breathe so much as a word!

Me too, I swear I will
never act in another film,
however glittering the
contract Hollywood may
offer me. You have my word.

I knew I can trust you.
Ah, your guides ...

B blistering barnacles!
More llamas!

Perhaps you would like to
open one of the saddle-
bags?

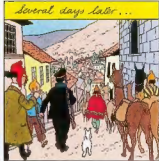
Thundering typhoons! ... It's fan-
tastic! ... Gold! ... Diamonds! ...
Precious stones! ...

We thank you, noble Prince of
the Sun, but we cannot accept
such magnificent gifts.

Unless you
absolutely
insist ...

Oh, they are nothing
compared to the
riches of the temple!
... Since I have your
promise of silence,
come with me ...





THE END

